

AGRICULTURAL.

MATTER PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR THE "RECORD-UNION."

Secretary of Agriculture—Alalfa is Kansas—Preparing Harvesting Machinery—Glucose from Corn—Etc.

There is now pending before the House of Representatives in Congress a bill reported by the Committee on Agriculture, proposing to make the Department of Agriculture at the national capital an executive department, to be under the supervision of a Secretary of Agriculture. The Secretary of Agriculture is to be appointed by the President, and with the advice of the Senate, and is to be a member of the Cabinet and to receive the same compensation as the Secretaries of other Departments. The bill provides also for the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, and of Chiefs of Bureaus, as follows:

First—The Bureau of Agricultural Products, which shall include divisions of botany, entomology and chemistry. The chief of this bureau shall be a practical agriculturist, and shall investigate the modes of farming in the several States and Territories, and shall report such practical information as shall tend to increase the profits of the farmer, respecting the various methods, the crops most profitable in the various sections, the preferable varieties of seeds, vines, plants, fruits, fertilizers, implements, buildings, and similar matters.

Second—The Bureau of Animal Industry, to be in charge of a competent veterinary surgeon, who shall investigate and report upon the number, value and condition of domestic animals of the United States, their protection, growth and use; the causes, prevalence, and methods of control of contagious diseases, and the kinds, numbers or breeds best adapted to the several sections for profit-able raising;

Third—The Bureau of Lands, the chief of which shall investigate and report upon the resources and capabilities of the public lands for farming, stock-raising, timber manufacturing, mining or other industrial uses. The bill provides for the transfer of all powers and duties vested in the Commission known as the geological survey, together with all clerks, employees and agents, and all other personnel, to this bureau, etc., of said Commission to the Department of Agriculture. The Secretary is authorized through this bureau to institute such investigations and collect such information, facts and statistics relative to the mines and mineral resources of the country as may be deemed of value and importance.

Fourth—The Bureau of Statistics, the chief of which shall collect and report the agricultural statistics of the United States, and all important information or statistics relating to agriculture, including agricultural costs, labor and wages in the United States, to markets and prices; to modes and costs of transporting agricultural products and live stock to their final market; to the demand, supply and prices in foreign markets; to the location of the principal producing and manufacturing establishments of whatever sort, their sources of raw material, methods, markets and prices; to such other commercial or other conditions as may affect the market value of farm products or the interests of the industrial classes of the United States.

Provision is also made for the monthly publication of the information gained through these several bureaus by the Secretary, for the benefit of the industrial classes in the United States. The bill as above outlined is just what we have at various times in these columns anticipated, and we earnestly hope Congress will enact it into a law.

Why should not the agricultural interest—the largest and most important material interest of the country—have a voice in the highest national council of the country? In the conference of great men and international questions there should not be one agricultural class have a representation and a voice? No other industry or calling can thereby be injured, because all others are dependent on agriculture, and are therefore interested in its greatest success. The influence it is to prevail, and to dominate and dominate through these several bureaus will not only be valuable to agriculture, but to the manufacturing and commercial interests as well. Our agriculture in many important particulars is already having a marked effect upon the agricultural classes of the eastern continent. Our farmers are in direct and successful competition with the farmers of England in the production of wheat, butter and cheese, of beef and pork, dried and preserved fruits, and many other articles of diet. The vineyards of California are competing with the vineyards of France, Italy and Germany in furnishing wines and brandies to the world. In live stock we are in advance of England in the breeding of fine blooded horses and the best breeds of cattle and swine, and our flock owners are leading the shepherds of Spain, France and Germany in the production of valuable sheep and wool. In fact, in all that relates to agriculture, to agricultural products, agricultural machinery, agricultural methods, etc., we are leading the world, and the various nations are looking to us as an example worthy of imitation. Let us, then, have a representative of these great industries, clothed with equal importance and dignity with any other national interest, and it will encourage and stimulate those engaged in the eyes of other nations' people.

Sowing Corn for Fodder.

We have of late on several occasions urged the farmers of California to give some attention to the production of fodder from corn. We have also urged the importance of the silo, or air-tight vat, or bin, for its preservation for feeding through the winter season, especially to dairy cows. We now notice and quote a communication in the *Prairie Farmer*, which, so far as it goes, confirms our views on this subject:

There is nothing the farmer can get as much stock food from for the amount of labor expended as he can from a patch of sowed corn for fodder. Now is a good time to begin preparations. Select your ground, and unless rich give it a good coat of manure and plow it under. If it is clay, lay the last of May or the first of June, then roll and harrow until the surface is thoroughly pulverized; then sow the corn with a drill, about one and a half bushels of shelled corn to the acre if you want it for fodder alone, by sowing thick the stalks will be smaller, and you will have a quantity of blades and tops that the stock will eat up cleaner. By sowing thinner you get larger and heavier stalks, and by sowing a little earlier and letting stand longer you can secure a good supply of stubbles. I prefer thick sowing, as the weeds have no chance at all to grow, hence there is no need of cultivating. Cut as soon as it is all tasseled out; lay it in bundles until thoroughly cured, and then shock up or haul to your barn. If you have never tried it you will find that the quantity of grain you can raise on a small patch of ground. Besides getting a good supply of fodder cheaply, farmers will find this crop a great help during August. When pastures begin to fall and dry up, and the supply of green feed gets scarce, you will then have a good supply and improving all the time, the stock will eat up cleaner. By sowing thicker, with which to hatch both early and late chickens, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the Secretary of the North American Poultry Association, be authorized to make a circular to all the members of the society, that plain directions and diagrams for making a good incubator that they can make at home a cost less than \$100, and that will hold 50 eggs, can be obtained by addressed to Secretary, inclosing two 2-cent stamps for return postage.

At the next meeting the subjects, "How, when and where to market poultry to obtain the highest prices," will be discussed, and the results made known to the public.

J. M. Babb, Secretary N. A. P. A.

New Concord, Ohio.

This office avers an apology to Miss Lovenia Maplewood, in whose poem a ridiculous mistake occurred yesterday. The young lady wrote: "A wood thick in velvet green," but the compositor made the line read: "A woodtick in its velvet-green." Little Rock Gazette.

The manufacture of glucose from corn must be a profitable as it certainly is a growing industry. It is said that there are now manufacturers in the United States with a capacity to manufacture 11,000,000 bushels of corn per annum into glucose. So the corn farmers of the great western corn country are furnished with a market for their produce, to that extent. But what becomes of the glucose? It is mostly or greatly used in the adulteration of cane sugar and syrup, which in turn are to a considerable extent consumed by the farmers. The glucose, when manufactured

from corn, is worth from three to four cents a pound, but when used as an adulterant of sugar its relative value or price is increased from 50 to 100 per cent, and is sold to the farmers at this advanced price. The 11,000,000 bushels of corn bring the farmers more than \$5,000,000, and it is probable that they will add another thousand dollars to the sum. But this style of speculation out of pocket on their own corn is not the worst feature of the transaction. Glucose is made by boiling corn starch with sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) and mixing the product with water. A small amount of nitric acid and sulphate of lime, copper, and other noxious and poisonous ingredients, frequently remain in the glucose, and consequently go into the sugar. In the analysis of several samples of table syrup in common use, Professor Kedzie found five per cent of sulphuric acid, one of them containing 141 grains of oil of vitriol and 72 grains of lime to the gallon, and one from a lot which sickened a whole family contained 72 grains of vitriol, 28 of copperas, 363 of lime to the gallon. General Runn, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, says: "The use of this impure glucose is the cause of the alarming increase of Bright's disease of the kidneys, and Congress has a bill before it to tax and regulate the manufacture of this article, so as to require that all these poisonous ingredients shall be extracted from it before it is put upon the market. The 11,000,000 bushels of corn sold by the farmers of the West to make glucose, not only comes back to them, but to poison and spread disease among the people."

A small amount of the article, say 100 pounds, would be enough to kill a person. Fred A. Schwab, the well-known manufacturer and dealer in glucose, says that whenever the article, in any form, shall be offered for sale it shall be labelled plainly with its proper name. It also contains other stringent provisions calculated to forward and protect the public.

Alalfa or Lucerne in Kansas.

Alalfa is becoming a very popular forage plant in some of the Mississippi valley states. Professor Shelton, who has had lucern on trial at the Kansas Agricultural College, is enthusiastic in its praise. Among other things he says: "It surpasses anything I have ever seen, and it is to be regretted that these promising ingredients have not been extracted from it before it is put upon the market. The 11,000,000 bushels of corn sold by the farmers of the West to make glucose, not only comes back to them, but to poison and spread disease among the people."

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Hay and Harvesting Machinery Repairs.

Now that good crops are almost certainly assured there will be great activity among the farmers in preparing their hay and harvesting machinery for work. If these machines were properly prepared for winter and placed away under cover at the end of the last season, the work of preparing them for use will be comparatively light, unless some of the machinery or parts of the framework were worn out or nearly so, in which case these parts will be required to be renewed. Let such farmer take time to examine each part carefully, and see whether all is right and ready for use. If so, let the parts all be cleaned and put together again, so that when the day for work comes he will know that his machines are ready for the moving day. Now autumn is often the moving day here, compared at least with what it formerly was. A few years ago it was not less than a nuisance. Farmers could not understand why New York farmers took possession of one another's houses without betterment and without reason. One cause was that landlords generally thought that rents would advance, and tenants thought they would decline, before another year; and thus a long lease could not be secured. Another cause was that May 1st was almost universally the moving date. Now autumn is often the moving day—the last of September or October or even November, particularly when apartments are wanted. Moreover, all New York farmers who can afford it are moving in these days to own their homes. They believe, rightly, that it is the best investment they can make, and may be, so that no time will be lost when moving has commenced. Let the same course be taken with the reaper and header and thrashing machines. Better spend your time in getting the machine in order for the harvest, and then have a host of hands ready to follow you to the shop at the earliest opportunity, that you may be spared the trouble of repairing it when it is too late.

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THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

SEPARATION.

A wall has grown up between the two—
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen;
None knew when the first stones were laid,
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.

And so their lives were wide apart;
Although they shared one board, one bed;
A careless eye saw naught amiss,
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,
Grew soon unmindful of his loss;
A hard indifference, worse than hate,
Changed love's pure gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold;
To see her husband's eyes fixed to die;
The wall pressed heavily on her heart;
Her white face showed her misery.

Such walls are growing day by day
Twixt man and wife, 'twixt friend and friend;
Would they could know, who lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end.

A careless word, an unkind thought,

A slight neglect, a taunting tone—

Such things as these will make a man

Have built the wall's foundation stone.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN AGNOSTIC.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I.

My name—No, I propose in this sketch to assert nothing but what I can bring forward sound evidence to prove. The antecedent improbability of any man's having been christened Digory Nonsuch is sufficiently obvious; and the remoteness of Penzance, my alleged birth-place, has prevented verification by personal inspection of parish registers. The point itself is of minor consequence since Digory Nonsuch was an exceptionally interesting individual to which I have been taught to refer.

Already, when a fourth-form Eton boy, I was no less powerfully than mournfully impressed by the spectacle before me of some 800 young minds daily according implicit belief to fresh facts, historical and scientific, handed down to them on testimony and trust alone; facts scarce one of which their teachers could have defended on rational grounds, much less have rigorously and scientifically demonstrated.

Indeed, I am your son—soem extravagance and improbable. This, however, is merely the way in which they strike on our imagination."

I was going to elucidate, when at this juncture my father entered the room, and asked in some alarm what was the matter, for my mother—such is the inveterately suspicious habit of the female mind—seemed nearly beside herself with indignation.

"I ready grant," I soothingly responded, "that all hypotheses except one—that I am your son—soem extravagance and improbable. This, however, is merely the way in which they strike on our imagination."

"Well, said his Grace, smiling per-

haps at some reminiscence of his own school days, "let us come to his composition, prose and verse, and you will find that the subject of treatment, style, verification show amazing proscency, when we consider that these are the original poems and essays of a boy of fourteen?"

"Assuming that original they are—"

"He had half started to his feet, in evident displeasure, and sharply interposed: "You cannot surely mean to insinuate that he has deliberately borrowed—copied—from other sources?"

"Not for an instant," I hastened to respond. "This, in so far as I am concerned, is a remote and absurd possiblity, and I do not consider it. But there is an uncommon phenomenon by

which that seems marvelous in work which much that seems marvelous in work may be accounted for. He reads a good deal, and it is conceivable that his brilliant essays and poems may be due in great measure to unconscious recollection. Passages he has read, and forgotten he has read, may linger in his memory, and he reproduces them in all good faith as his own. Thus we may be admiring as the extemporaneous emanations of a budding intellect what are in fact the studied productions of a practiced and matured brain."

I advanced dubiously. Our eyes met. She looked frankly amused.

"Oh, I beg pardon," she began, "but am I now speaking to Mr. Andrews?"

I bowed assent. She was laughing irrepressibly.

"You are going to tell me I was trespassing. Oh, but you were!" with another little peal of merriment. "That was Mumbles's business, though," and she ran towards the lodge.

"Mumbles, what are you thinking of?"

Mumbles had wakened from his nap, and now stood in the porch, with his cap in his hand and a broad grin on his face, while she rebuked him.

"Fie, Mumbles! All the tourists from London might have landed without tickets! Is this the way you do your duty?"

"Please, Miss Vivian," apologized the culprit, "not a girl has been all day, and they are not even come when they do come, in time to take lunch. It's nearly 5 o'clock, so I thought—"

"Well, well! There's no mishap to it," replied, with heroic frankness.

"No proof is forthcoming but your statement. Evidence, to be satisfactory, must be as good as can well be imagined. And if any theory is barely possible, such as that of my supposititious birth, I am bound not to respect it—at least not without calm, thorough investigation."

I drew a veil out of regard for my reputed father, over the sequel. Suffice it to say I was forbidden his house, his presence—prospectively cut off with a chilling—treated with the greatest courtesy, though I was an alien, the mere suggestion of whose possibility had occasioned this uproar! I pointed out this inconsistency to the elders, but it merely aggravated them.

"My sentiments, you state, are such as in a child of yours would be abnormal. This, if true, tells in favor of my hypothesis—"

My father came striding up to me, his features convulsed with rage. "Sir," he said, "I don't know if I can credit my eyes. Answer me this: Do you mean to tell me that you are in possession of your parents before you subscribe to it?"

"As matters stand I have no warrant for subscribing to it," I replied, with heroic frankness. "No proof is forthcoming but your statement. Evidence, to be satisfactory, must be as good as can well be imagined. And if any theory is barely possible, such as that of my supposititious birth, I am bound not to respect it—at least not without calm, thorough investigation."

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"I must venture to remind you, Grace," I objected respectfully, "how far the development of roots is concerned in disease. Have this in view, or we are liable to suppose that your parents before you subscribe to it?"

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BAY GOSSIP.

ABOUT SOME CHINESE AND JAPANESE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Some Anecdotes Connected with Efforts to Christianize the Chinese—a High-toned Wedding.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 22, 1882.

Last Friday, which you have not forgotten was St. Patrick's Day, at the employees of a lace factory came down the stairs after the day's work, I was amused to watch a dozen girls stationed at the lower door. They belonged to the workers and their faces were brimming with life and mischief in contrast to the dull, stolid countenances of the Chiramen also employed at the workings. As John came down individually and collectively he was forced to accept a scrap of green illusion in honor of the day, which the young ladies were kind enough to pin securely upon his blouse. He was a fine sarcasm upon the question of the day as he walked off "wearing of the green," but no one could have guessed him alive to the fun of it. It was interesting at Woodward's Gardens on Saturday to observe a company of

HALF A DOZEN CHINESE

Looking on at the performance. The singing and whole appearance of the prima donna must have seemed perfectly ridiculous to them, but not one of them cracked a smile. She was attired and coiffured most gorgeously, and she thrilled and she quivered and she soared, but they sat there and looked at her as when they looked at pictures, at dancing at the character people, at a little piece of pathos and beauty and at the cylinders of the orchestra turning in the beer hall. I wonder that Gail Hamilton (all honor to the stormy Gail), being an Eastern woman, can have such good sense upon the Chinese question as her recent article shows. She seems to have settled it with a few strokes of her pen, and I am sure, as she wiped its diamond-pointed nib, she must just have considered that she ought also to have wiped out the opposite side completely. I did not know till I had liked to have checked. It was one visiting afternoon at the Mission House, and it was quite an occasion of form and solemnity. Perhaps a dozen or fifteen girls and women sat in a row, dressed with care and neatness, and very reverent and attentive in appearance. This one woman had been just admitted; put there for education and safe keeping by her future husband for one year. The visitors sat opposite and looked at the woman, who had been snatched from the fate which, few with exceptions, belongs to the Chinese women in California, and in noticing their modest, earnest countenances, felt how grateful they must be for their present condition. Suddenly I caught!

THE TWINKLING, OBLONG EYES

Of the new arrival; there was no doubt but she looked upon the whole thing as a joke. Her mouth twitched, and suddenly she covered her face with her handkerchief, and her shoulders heaved, and her handkerchief shook with her emotion. Now and then she would look up and grin full of mirth and then disappear. One of the docile pupils near her finally whispered an admiration, which was received with a fresh burst, and when the voices very soft and sweet in speech, repeated the Lord's Prayer together, she gave a little snort and bobbed down behind an other pupil to have it out with herself. The voices again arose, but this time very like the melodies of tin pans, for they were singing, and in singing the Chinese voice is not musical. They gave the hymn "Jesus Loves Me," and kept to the tune very well. Here it is as sung by them; how do you like it?

You see chi chii nu o no
Su yan shing skin ko so ong,
Su yan pang ya ta hung ton,
Ngo su yon ta yung ta too.You su kan chiil o no
You su kan chiil o no
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You will find me to be the tune very nicely. A lady who became interested in one of the girls attending the school, on the marriage of the young Chinese woman, invited her to lunch, that the young couple, christened and very happy in honeymooning and setting up housekeeping as near to our custom as they knew, might have an idea of a lunch according to our belief. Accordingly the bride and bridegroom came with much formality, which was preserved with great dignity throughout the visit until broken in upon by the bride's girlish delight in an immense cockatoo, whose like she had never before seen. Several months ago we had a very HIGH-TONED CHINESE WEDDING,

The contracting parties being Christians, and therefore very much patronized and petted by those interested in the converted Chinese. The ceremony took place in Grace Cathedral, and spectators were admitted by cards of invitation. The bride was petite, and a blonde, of course, so that the high color of her dress was very becoming. Her garments were white and her hair in a plait, but unfortunately it was broken. She passed the trying ordeal with composure, and received congratulations very prettily, after which the happy pair entered the carriage that had brought them, and as man and wife were whirled away to their future home. An association belonging to Plymouth Church, and known as the Plymouth Gleaners, are contributing this year to the support of a little Greek boy who was brought here from Turkey by Miss Hall Rappleye, a missionary to that country. Miss Rappleye was an intimate friend of Mrs. A. Colby, and a kindred soul to George Peleg, and to my friends about Oregon and Bania.

The two corresponded for several years, and when Mrs. Colby died, and her written life was in contemplation, among other correspondence submitted was that of the missionary friend in Turkey. Miss Rappleye, however, returned to this country some time since, bringing with her the young Greek, who was called Stephanus Rappleye. Her subsequent marriage to Mr. Colby, and her death following her marriage, are very well known to religious circles, in which she was.

A SHINING STAR.

Young Stephanus was left without a protector, and was taken in charge by the Woman's Board of Missions on this coast; who at first proposed to return him to his mother in Turkey, but the little fellow pined so hard to be educated that the ladies finally decided to give him his wish, and he is now in Mr. Moody's school at Northfield, Mass. He says when he gets his education he means to make some money and send for his mother. He is but 8 years old, and speaks four languages, appearing some times while here in his native dress. One of our clergymen some time since went to the Sandwich Islands and occupied a pulpit at Hilo, to which he subsequently received a call. Until his future was to be determined he remained, which state of affairs was the occasion for a grave mistake on the part of the church at Hilo. Much to the minister's consternation, his call was conditional, and the condition was that he should get his wife back and live with her again. The mistake, however, was explained and made right, and the good wife hastened over steamer and at once to assume her position at her husband's side. Very little is said nowadays about the Sabbath-schools conducted at the various churches for the purpose of teaching our Bible to the heathen Chinese. During the first enthusiasm a large number of ladies, gentle men and children volunteered as teachers,

but the novelty has worn away, many are discouraged, and others have given up in disgust.

Feeling that John has no intention of getting religion. So, now, there is great lack of teachers, and in this emergency one church decided to utilize the talent it had trained, have each of the scholars as had learned enough, teach the new ones and those not so far advanced in the language as themselves. In commenting upon the new regime, one Chinaman, who is a house-servant, remarked to his mistress: "I don't go to that Sunday-school any more; I want to teach other Chinamen." The mistress explained to him at length that he had been taught without expense to others and at the cost of much labor to others for some years, and that now it was not only fair that he should teach some other of his ignorant countrymen equally desirous to learn, but that it was an occasion to show his gratitude by assisting in the labors those who had educated him.

"I was a free man and my two brothers. We come of good authors, but our parents both died in one year. In their days all free folks had to have guardians, and old Mrs. R. was ours. We lived in Charleston. I married a free man and had three children. The old lady died, and her son was their guardian for me and my children. He was Captain R., and he brought my Sallie up to Aiken to nurse for his wife, and when she was about twenty he sold her to a trader from Mississippi. I was in Charleston, at church, and a man came to me and asked:

"Julia, ain't you got a daughter to Aiken?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, Captain R. has sold her to traders."

"Oh, no! not my daughter. She is free."

"Yes, she is; that very girl, for I fetched her from depot to Mr. — office, in Chalmers street."

"I think that you are right. I want to smart thing to do. I teach Chinaman all time. I not learn any more myself. No! I go leave that Sunday-school right away."

KATE HEATH.

A FAMOUS STRUCTURE.

History of a Nation in a Building—Restoring the Tower of London

It may safely be said that no city in the world possesses a monument equal in historic interest to that of London, and the Tower of London, fortress and prison, is one of the most continuously inhabited. Recent discoveries have justified the ancient tradition that on the same site there stood an important Roman fortification, and the facts stand proved that important Roman works occupied the spot for a thousand years or more before Gundulf, the weeping monk of Bay, in Normandy, whom the Conqueror summoned to act as his builder, laid one stone of the great White Tower on another. Gundulf was said to have tempered his cement with the blood of beasts, and to have watered with his tears the mortar of so many future tragedies. Probably he pointed up the old red tiles and bricks of the Roman fortification to his mortal red rod which the common folk regarded with so much awe.

Successive kings, notably William Rufus, who "pilled and shaved the people with especially to spend about the Tower of London and the Great Hall at Westminster," and Henry III, the first deviser of a Thames Embankment, added to the Tower of London—not without many murmurings on the part of their subjects who saw in the tower a standing menace to their liberties.

In the sixteenth century the Tower of London became its inner and outer bailey, the great keep of the White Tower, and the open portal of the Traitor's Gate, must have been looked upon from the river as a most imposing monument of the feudal system. Unhappily, under the Stuarts and their successors, the glories of the Tower were suffered to decay. On the south side the inner wall with the Lanthorn Tower became ruins, and during the latter part of the last century their place was filled by a huge and hideous brick building, with all the unwieldy ugliness of a Thame-street warehouse, by which the view of the Tower from the river was destroyed.

During the last twenty-five years better judgment and better taste have been shown in the treatment of this great standing record of the history of England. The Prince Consort was one of the first to take an active interest in the antiquities and beauties of the place. Mr. Salvin, who died last year, and who only a short time before his death visited the Tower in order to see the work that had been done and the discoveries that had been made at the Cradle Tower, was called in as consulting architect. Under his advice the Chapel of St. Thomas à Becket was restored, and the Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, the burial-place of Queen Anne Boleyn, with the other illustrious victims of royal displeasure or political necessity down to the time of the Jacobite Lords of the '45, had fallen into a most discreditable state of decay. The interior was choked by the highest pedestal gallantries, the turnpike gates, a railing of the pavement of the altar was becoming more and more apparent, and it became necessary to take immediate steps to prevent the whole building from falling into ruins. When this chapel had been repaired and purged of the monstrosities by which it was defiled, the next work of importance to be undertaken was the restoration of the south or river side, together with the Cradle towers. This has now been done, and in the meantime certain mean buildings on the east side of the White Tower, which were used by the Royal Engineers as stores, showed such unmitigated contempt for the safety of the public that they had to be swept away. On that side, therefore, the White Tower stands alone, its great height above the surrounding buildings, and its commanding position, which was preserved with great dignity throughout the visit until broken in upon by the bride's girlish delight in an immense cockatoo, whose like she had never before seen. Several months ago we had a very

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